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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than four thousand copies, it is the oldest printed in the English language. It is issued twice weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business.

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Local Matters.

Medals Awarded.

Wednesday afternoon Mayor Cottrell presented three medals to men who had risked their lives to save others from drowning. The presentation took place at Easton's Beach, under the direction of Commodore W. E. Longfellow, superintendent of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps in Rhode Island.

The heroic act of A. J. O'Connor in the employ of the Old Colony Steamboat Company, who, on the morning of March 27th, jumped overboard to save one of the crew of the burning steamer Plymouth, is still fresh in the memory of many people. August 27th, 1905, Charles C. Swan rescued a young woman from drowning at Easton's Beach and on July 4th Theodore Cookingham also rescued a man from drowning at the Beach. Accordingly, these three men were presented with these medals as a token of the appreciation of their valuable services.

A certificate of honor was presented to Arthur Powers for assisting in a rescue. All the men are members of the Life Saving Corps.

It is safe to say that the clambake by the Middletown M. E. Church at Southwick's Grove on Wednesday next will not disappoint the patrons as did the one by the Christian Church last Wednesday. The Methodist Church has an enviable reputation for serving excellent baked beans, with never a fiasco in the many years that they have had them. Those who go to the Grove next Wednesday are assured that they will be plenty of clams, and an abundant supply of all the "fixings" that go with them, as well as waiters enough to properly serve the patrons. There will be carriages to meet the cars at Forest avenue.

The Reynolds Family Association held its annual reunion at Wickford Thursday. There were from seventy-five to one hundred present. Rev. and Mrs. F. B. Cole of Wickford were a portion of the reception committee. Addresses were made by many prominent persons who claim connection with the name.

The fund for the silver service for the Battleship Rhode Island now amounts to \$7,519.95. Nearly all the contributions came from this city and the adjoining towns in this country.

Mrs. A. C. Littert and daughters, the Misses LuLu and Elsie Littert, of Metchen, N. J., are guests of Mrs. Charles F. French.

Echoes of the Carnival.

Since the close of the Carnival there has naturally been much talk about it in Newport. There are some who are loud in their praise of the affair and others as vehemently condemn it. Some business men made money out of the large crowd of strangers that came here, while others, who do business largely with the wealthy summer residents, claim that their trade was injured during the week owing to the fact that their customers would not come down into the business section during the celebration.

Several of the local clergymen touched upon the incidents of the Carnival during the sermon last Sunday. Rev. Mr. Heaney of St. George's Church condemned some of the features of the week, but attributed them to the fact that the people wished them. Correspondents of local papers have attempted to make political capital by attributing to the police commission the features to Mr. Heaney ob-

jected.

The facts probably are that there were some incidents of the Carnival that should not have been permitted.

But if such an affair is to be given at all some allowance must be made for the exuberant spirits of the visitors.

The fact that some took advantage of the liberty permitted them merely shows that there are some who are always ready to take every advantage.

Whether or not there will ever be another Carnival remains to be seen. Certain it is that there will be violent opposition to it from many. It is somewhat of a question whether or not we should again be able to draw such a crowd as we did this year. Unfortunately all the advertised attractions could not be carried out—a fact that Newports recognized whether the visitors did or not.

Many members of the committees did excellent work from the time that the Carnival was first talked of. Others did not attend to the work that had been assigned to them until too late to properly perform their tasks. The fact that the Newport season was at its height so that even the ardent enthusiasts could not do all they wished to support the committee contributed considerably to a lessening of the attractions of the week, while there was a very lukewarm attitude and even outspoken hostility on the part of certain citizens. For these reasons there is considerable question whether or not Newport will have a Carnival next year.

Lawn Tennis Tournament.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament will open at the Newport Casino next week and will as usual attract a large gathering. This is one of the leading events of strictly amateur sport of the year and people are drawn from all over the country to follow the contests. This year there have been an unusually large number of entries and interest runs high. All of the leading tennis players of the country are entered and there is some young blood that promises to develop well within a year or two. Beals C. Wright, who holds the national championship, will be called upon to defend his title. He is considerably handicapped, owing to the fact that until recently he has been incapacitated from practice by an injured hand. He is now playing in very good form however and his supporters express confidence in his ability to retain the championship.

Deputy Sheriff Frank P. King has made frequent visits to Block Island this week with warrants for the men who are alleged to have taken part in the recent "raids" there. Two batches of prisoners have been brought over and arraigned before Clerk Kelley in the District Court. All have been released on bail, John Dring and Harold A. Peckham being the boudamen. The cases are assigned for a hearing on August 24 and the trial will probably be about two weeks later. There are still more warrants to be served on some fishermen who are at present away from the island. It is understood that there will be no attempt made to dodge the warrants but all the defendants will stand trial.

It is safe to say that the clambake by the Middletown M. E. Church at Southwick's Grove on Wednesday next will not disappoint the patrons as did the one by the Christian Church last Wednesday. The Methodist Church has an enviable reputation for serving excellent baked beans, with never a fiasco in the many years that they have had them. Those who go to the Grove next Wednesday are assured that they will be plenty of clams, and an abundant supply of all the "fixings" that go with them, as well as waiters enough to properly serve the patrons. There will be carriages to meet the cars at Forest avenue.

The best public band concert of the season was given by the New port Band on Washington square on Thursday evening in the presence of a large gathering. The illuminations of Carnival Week had been allowed to remain in position for the occasion and added a gala touch to the scene. The New port Band has recently been reorganized under the leadership of Harry K. Howard and gives evidence of careful training and conscientious work on the part of the members. The solo work on trombones and cornet was very fine and encores were demanded. After the concert the members of the band were entertained at the Lawrence Club.

Horticultural Exhibit.

The annual exhibition of the Newport Horticultural Society opened at the Casino Monday afternoon, continuing three days. The exhibits were large and varied—much larger than in previous years. Competition was most keen and several out-of-town gardeners were present to compete in the various specimens. The dahlias made a fine showing and attracted much favorable comment. The principal exhibits were displayed in the Casino Theatre. On the stage were tables containing foliage plants, orchids in bloom and many other species. On the floor were tall palms, and cut flowers adorned the tables about the sides of the room.

There were hardy plants at the entrance to the building, exhibited by F. L. Ziegler, and they took the first prize. In the contest for the best centerpiece of dahlias Gibson Brothers were awarded the first prize, using Bouvieriana Lingling dahlias, of the cactus variety, in pink. It was a very striking exhibit. The second went to Miss Fanny Foster, Andrew Christensen gardener, and the third to Mrs. Slater, John Sharley gardener, both using Kretschmar dahlias.

There were five entries in the class for decorations of outdoor-grown flowers and foliage, dahlias and roses excluded. The first prize was awarded to Miss Foster, whose gardener had arranged an effective decoration of white altheas with fern. The second was given to Mrs. T. J. Emery, Alexander Anderson gardener, and the third to Mrs. Ogden Gooley, Colli Robertson gardener, the former using pink asters and the latter red salvia.

In the special class for prizes offered by Mrs. E. J. Berwind, for the best table decoration the arrangement to show originality, there were three competitors. The first prize was awarded to Perry Belmont, John Marshall gardener, who used a tree effect of Farley-ense fern with white stephanotis flowers.

The second went to Mrs. Robert Gooley, Colli Robertson gardener, who used pink carnations and asparagus vine.

Gibson Brothers on Wednesday had a very handsome exhibit of gladiolus blooms. It was said to be handsomer than any exhibit at the show for competition.

Attempted Burglary.

In the small hours of Thursday morning the police had a hasty call to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Townsend Burden on Bellevue avenue where indications of a serious attempt at burglary had been discovered. No time was lost in responding to the call, two officers being hastily despatched on bicycles while a large squad of policemen were rushed down Bellevue avenue in the patrol wagon. That the man got away was not due to any remissness on the part of the police.

There seems to have been good ground for the alarm. The family were awakened about 2:30 o'clock by the prolonged barking of a pet dog, a circumstance so unusual that a strict investigation was immediately made. Servants were aroused to help in the search, with the result that a window was found open on the lower floor. A telephone message was sent for the police and pending their arrival a thorough search was made for any intruders. Nothing was found disturbed but the family was convinced that some one had entered the house. The police hunted through the grounds with lanterns and maintained a guard about the house for several hours, but if there had been a stranger he had made good his escape when the lights flashed up.

There was considerable talk of a mysterious boat that had been seen off the Cliffs previous to the alarm and which was not in evidence when things quieted down. It was the theory of some that a gang of crooks came in a boat to see what they could get about the wealthy residence of Newport. Such tactics have been tried before and the theory is not unreasonable.

Burglar Escaped.

The residence of Dr. Frederick Bradley on High Street was entered by an unknown man at an early hour Sunday morning. The intruder was discovered in one of the sleeping rooms and the occupant gave the alarm. The man fled through a window on the lower floor and got safely away. The police were notified and responded promptly but were unable to find trace of the intruder. It appeared to be more a case of over indulgence in liquor than a deliberately planned burglary.

The police took in a suspect but the person that saw the intruder was unable to identify the prisoner and he was released.

Miss Elizabeth S. Champlin and Miss Marie Stevens are spending two weeks at the Bear House, Bear Island, Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H.

Motor Boat Race.

Although the big motor boat race scheduled for Carnival Week could not be carried out there was a lively brush between two fast motor boats on Sunday last which attracted much attention. It had been planned to have the race on Saturday but owing to the dense fog it had to be postponed, and as one of the owners had to leave on Monday the race had to be held on Sunday or not at all. The contestants were the Den, owned by Mr. J. H. Hadley, and the Dixie, owned by Mr. E. J. Schroeder.

Sunday the weather was ideal for such an event. There was hardly a breath of air stirring and the surface of the bay was as calm as a mill pond. The course was carefully staked out under the direction of Lieutenant Commander Jewell of the War College, his share of the work being done in a manner that won the highest commendation from the racers. There was a large number of small boats out to see the race.

The Dixie was much larger than the Den and considerably faster but of course had to give a considerable time allowance. Both boats crossed the line for the start in good shape with less than two seconds difference. The Dixie at once took the lead and kept it over the entire course of little less than thirteen miles, making it in 38 minutes, 16.5 seconds. Unfortunately the time of the Den could not be taken as she broke down after completing almost the entire course, but her machinery went bad before the first two miles was covered.

A Quiet Wedding.

Miss Mary Alitta Bookstaver, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry W. Bookstaver, was married to Mr. Charles Edward Knoblauch, son of Mr. Charles Knoblauch of New York, at the home of the bride's parents, "Wywyee," on Purgatory Road at noon on Wednesday. The house was prettily decorated with palms and cut flowers.

The ceremony, which was witnessed by a small gathering of relatives and intimate friends, was performed by Rev. Edward Benton Coe, D. D., LL. D., senior pastor of the Collegiate Church of New York City, assisted by Rev. Ralph B. Pomeroy, curate of Emmanuel Church. The bride wore a dress of white tulle and carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses. The bride and groom were both unattended. A wedding breakfast was served.

The groom was a member of Roosevelt's Rough Riders and was in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, where he served with distinguished honors.

The presents were numerous and beautiful, among the number being a diamond and pearl necklace, the gift of the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Knoblauch left in the afternoon for New York and sailed for Europe, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Rhode Island Accepted.

The battleship Rhode Island has been accepted by the United States Navy Department as the result of the report of the board of officers upon her final trial test, held on Aug. 9 to 11. The correction of certain minor defects, including, it is said, unimportant changes in the engines, will be made by the contractors before the final acceptance of the vessel is made. The police hunted through the grounds with lanterns and maintained a guard about the house for several hours, but if there had been a stranger he had made good his escape when the lights flashed up.

There was considerable talk of a mysterious boat that had been seen off the Cliffs previous to the alarm and which was not in evidence when things quieted down. It was the theory of some that a gang of crooks came in a boat to see what they could get about the wealthy residence of Newport. Such tactics have been tried before and the theory is not unreasonable.

One of the most brilliant social functions of the season was that given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark at "Gray Craig," in honor of General and Mrs. J. Fred Pierrepont, who are their guests. Gen. and Mrs. Pierrepont have spent their summers at Newport for many years and are very popular with the people of the cottage colony. There was a large gathering present to greet them.

Master Fred Bryant, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bryant, who has been ill with typhoid fever, is on the road to recovery, the crisis having been passed. He came down with the fever some time ago while on an automobile trip with his parents and was at once brought home.

Dr. Norman McLeod, son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLeod of this city, has been very seriously ill with diphtheria in Boston, the disease having been contracted during his practice in the contagious ward of a Boston Hospital.

Colonel William P. Clarke has been confined to his home by illness during the past week.

Mr. John P. Simmons of Bristol, R. I., is visiting relatives in this city.

Worships Here.

Newport harbor and Narragansett Bay have seen many of the powerful warships of the United States Navy during the past three weeks. Hardly had the fleet of eight mighty battleships, under the command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, taken their departure when a number of individual warships came in. The new battleship Rhode Island paid her first visit to the waters of the State for which she was named, and her appearance was closely followed by that of her sistership, the New Jersey. These ships are the newest and most powerful of Uncle Sam's fighting craft and naturally attracted much attention.

Sunday the weather was ideal for such an event. There was hardly a breath of air stirring and the surface of the bay was as calm as a mill pond. The course was carefully staked out under the direction of Lieutenant Commander Jewell of the War College, his share of the work being done in a manner that won the highest commendation from the racers. There were the Dever, the Des Moines, the Cleveland and the Newark. The battleship Virginia was at the Bradford Coaling Station, passing through the outer harbor on her way up and down.

The Rhode Island has had a continuous of her hard luck. There was an accident to her machinery on her way to Newport which necessitated quite extensive repairs. These were rumors around to the effect that the guns of the big ship were useless on account of structural weakness, but this report was characterized as ridiculous by the officers of the ship.

There has also been another incident of an unpleasant nature connected with the Rhode Island. It is not often that a member of the Marine Corps goes wrong while on duty, but this week the mail orderly of the battleship was guilty of very serious offenses, which will doubtless bring him severe punishment. The orderly came to the Newport post office for the mail on Tuesday. After it was delivered to him it is alleged that he abstracted two letters, opened them, took out the checks which they contained, endorsed them and received the money for them. Then it is stated that the marine proceeded to fill up on liquid refreshments and purchased a suit of citizen's clothes, which he donned. His uniform was placed in the mail pouch and returned to the post office. The police were notified to be on the lookout for him and he was arrested by Officer Coggeshall and later was turned over to the ship. Some money was found on his person, enough, it is said, to take up one of the checks that he cashed.

Daniel Sully, the well-known actor, who was missing from his home in Woodstock, Ulster County, N. Y., recently, has turned up safe and sound. He went on a fishing trip and became lost in the woods. He travelled many miles before reaching a house of shelter, but finally he was cared for by kind people, and returned home after a rather trying experience.

Robert L. Gerry, son of Elbridge T. Gerry

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,
Author of
"The
Wings
of
the
Morning"
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Edward J. Gode.

CHAPTER IX.

THE purser, faithful to his trust, had secured the ship's books. He alone among the survivors of the Chinook had brought a parcel of any sort from that ill-fated ship. The others possessed the clothes they wore, their money and in some cases their trinkets.

Mr. Emmett suggested that a list of those saved should be compiled. Then, by ticking off the names, he could classify the inmates of the lighthouse and evolve some degree of order in the community.

It was found that there were thirty-seven officers and men, including stewards, thirty-three saloon passengers, of whom nineteen were women, counting the two little girls, and seven men and one woman from the steerage.

"It isn't usual, on a British ship, for the crew to bulk so large on the list," said Mr. Emmett busily, "but it couldn't be helped. The passengers had to be battened down. They couldn't live on deck. We never gave in until the last minute."

"I saw that," said Brand, knowing the agony which prompted the broken explanation.

"An' not a mother's soul would have escaped if it wasn't for young Mr. Pyne," went on the sailor.

"Ts that the name of the youngster who climbed the foremast?"

"That's him. It was a stroke of genius, his catching on to that way out. He was as cool as a cucumber. Just hoisted up when he reached the deck and 'cross the lighthouse so near. Then he laid 'er for a roare. Planned the whole thing in a second, so to speak."

"He is not one of the ship's company?"

"No sir; a passenger, nevvy of Cyrus J. Trall, the Philadelphia millionaire. Haven't you heard of Trall?" Not much of a newspaper reader, eh?"

There was a lady on board, a Mrs. Vansittart, who was coming over to marry old Trall, so people said, and the weddin' was fixed to take place in Paris next week. Young Pyne was actin' as escort."

"Is she lost? What a terrible thing!"

The chief officer glanced down the purser's lists and slapped his thigh to his uncle."

Mr. Emmett was going to say something, but checked the words on his lips.

"Queer world," he muttered; "queer world."

With that he devoted himself to planning out the watches. Soon he and the purser betook themselves to the depths with a roll call. As they crept below gingerly—these sailor men were not at home on companion ladders which moved not when the shock came—they met Enid for the first time. She, coming up, held the swinging lantern level with her face. They hung back politely.

"Please come," she cried in her winsome way. "These stairs are too narrow for courtesy."

They stepped heavily onward. She flitted away. Emmett raised his lantern between the purser's face and his own.

"What do you think of that?" he whispered, awe stricken.

The man of accounts smiled broadly. "Pretty girl!" he agreed, with crudely emphatic superlatives.

Emmett shook his head. He murmured to himself: "I guess I'm tired. I see things."

Enid handed an armful of dry linen to the damp, steaming women in the lower bedroom. She was hurrying out. Some one overtook her at the door. It was Mrs. Vansittart.

"Miss Brand," she said, with her all sufficing smile, "give me one moment."

They stood in the dark and hollow sounding stairway. The seas were lashing the column repeatedly, but the night's ordeal was nearly ended. Even a timid child might know now that the howling terror without had done its worst and failed. From the cavernous depths, mingling with the rumble of the storm, came the rhythm of a hymn. Those left in gloom by the withdrawal of Mr. Emmett's lantern were cheering their despondent souls.

Surprised, even while Enid awaited the older woman's demand, the listeners heard the words:

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice."

The rough tones of the men were softened and harmonized by the distance. It was a chant of praise, of thanksgiving, the offering of those who had been snatched from death and from mortal fear more painful than death.

The singing ceased as suddenly as it began. Mr. Emmett and the purser were warning the first watch.

The interruption did not seem to help Mrs. Vansittart. She spoke awkwardly, checking her thoughts as though fearful she might be misunderstood or say too much.

"I am better," she explained; "quite recovered. I gave up my bunk to one who needed it."

"I am sure we are all doing our best to help one another," volunteered Enid.

"But I am restless. The sight of your sister—aroused vague memories. Do you mind—I find it hard to explain—your name is familiar. I knew—some people—called Brand—Mr. Stephen Brand—and his wife."

She halted, seemingly at a loss. Enid, striving helplessly to solve the reason for this unexpected confidence, but quite wistful to make the explanation

that it caused across two-thirds of the superficial area allotted to the stairway. Any one ascending made a complete turn to the right about to reach the door of the room on any given landing and the foot of the ladder to the next.

Hence the girl came unexpectedly face to face with Mrs. Vansittart. The meeting startled her. This pale woman, so thinly clad in the desolation of evening wear on shipboard, should not be standing there.

"Is anything wrong?" she cried, raising her lantern just as Enid did when she encountered the sailor.

"No, not" said the other, passing a nervous hand over her face. Constance, with short intelligence, fancied she dreaded recognition.

"Then why are you standing here? It is so cold. You will surely make yourself ill."

"I was wondering if I might see Mr. Brand," came the desperate answer, the words bubbling forth with unrestrained vehemence.

"See my father?" repeated the girl. She took thought for an instant. The lighthouse keeper would not be able to leave the lamp for nearly three hours. When dawn came she knew he would have many things to attend to—signals to the Land's End, the arrangement of supplies, which he had already mentioned to her, and a host of other matters. Four o'clock in the morning was an unconventional hour for an interview, but time itself was topsy turvy under the conditions prevalent on the Gulf Rock.

"I will ask him," she went on hurriedly, with an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs. Vansittart resented her judicial pause.

"Thank you."

To the girl's ears the courteous acknowledgment conveyed an odd note of menace. If the eyes are the windows of the soul surely the voice is its subtle gauge. The more transparently simple, clean minded the hearer, the more accurate is the resonant impression. Constance found herself vaguely perplexed by two jostling abstractions. If they took shape it was in mute questioning. Why was Mrs. Vansittart so anxious to revive or, it might be, probe long buried memories, and why did her mobile smile seem to vein a hostile intent?

But the fresh, gracious maidenhood in her cast aside these unwanted studies in mind reading.

"He has so much to do," she explained. "Although there are many of us on the rock tonight he has never been so utterly alone. Won't you wait inside until I return?"

"Not unless I am in the way," pleaded the other. "I was choking in there. The air here, the space, are so grateful."

So Constance passed her. Mrs. Vansittart noted the dainty manner in which she picked up her skirts to mount the stairs. She caught a glimpse of the tailor made gown, striped silk underskirt, well fitting, low heeled, wide, belted expensive boots. Trust a woman to see all these things at a glance, with even the shifting glimmer of a storm proof lantern to aid the quick appraisement.

As the girl went out of her sight a reminiscence came to her.

"No wonder I was startled," she commuted. "That sailor's coat she wears helps the resemblance. Probably it is her father's."

Then the loud silence of the lighthouse appalled her. The singing had ceased or was shut off by a closed door. One might as well be in a tomb as surrounded by this tangible darkness. The tremulous granite, so cold and hard, yet alive in its own grim strength, the murmuring commotion of wind and waves swelling and dying in ghostlike echoes, suggested a grave, a vault close sealed from the outer world, though pulsating with the faraway existence of heedless multitudes. Thus, brooding in the gloom, a tortured soul without form and void, she awaited the return of her messenger.

Constance, after looking in at the hospital, went on to the service room. Her father was not there. She glanced up to the trimming stage, expecting to see him attending to the lamp. No. He had gone. Somewhat bewildered, for she was almost certain he was not in any of the lower apartments, she climbed to the little door in the glass frame.

As the light increased it lost its first warm tinge. Steel gray were sky and water, somber the iron bound land, while the whereabouts of the sun became a scientific abstraction. Therefore the heliograph was useless, and Brand, helped by some of the sailors, commenced to flaunt his flag signals to the watching telescope on the faroff promontory of the Land's End. The Falcon, strong hearted trawler, was ploughing toward the rock when the first line of gay bunting swung clear into the breeze. And what a message it was—in its jerky phrases its profound uncertainties—for communication by flag code is slow work, and Brand left much to an easier system of talk with the approaching steamer.

Chinook—New York to Southampton—struck reef during hurricane—propelled shaft broken—3 survivors in lighthouse, 30 passengers, officers and crew—lost with ship.

The awful significance of the words sank into the hearts of the signalers. For the first time the disaster from which, by God's providence, they had emerged safely became crystallized into set speech. Seventy-eight living out of 280 who might have lived! This was the curt intelligence which leaped the waves to fly over the length and breadth of the land, which sped back to the States to replace the expected news of a safe voyage, which thrilled the civilized world as it had not been thrilled for many a day.

They turned safely then?

"Shipped a sea or two, no doubt. The wind is dropping, but the sea is running mountains high."

He had taken off his oilskins. Constance suddenly felt a strong disinclination to rise. Being a strong willed young person, she sprang up instantly.

"I came to ask you if you can see Mrs. Vansittart," she said.

"Mrs. Vansittart!" he cried, with a genuine surprise that thrilled her with a pleasure she assuredly could not account for.

"Yes. She asked if she might have a word with you."

He threw his hands up in comic despair.

"Tell the good lady I am up to my

eyes in work. The oil is running low. I must be on to the pump at once. I have my journal to fill. If there is no one I cannot holler at and I have a host of signals to look up and get ready. And a word in your ear, Constance, dear. We will be at home on the rock for the next forty-eight hours. Give the lady my very deep regrets and ask her to allow me to send for her when I have a minute to spare some hours later."

She kissed him.

"You dear old thing," she cried. "You will tire yourself to death, I am sure."

He caught her by the chin.

"Mark my words," he laughed. "You will feel this night in your bones longer than I. By the way, no matter who goes hungry, don't prepare any breakfast until I come to you. I suppose the kitchen is your headquarters?"

"Yes, though Enid has had far more of Mr. Pyne's company. She is cook, you know."

"Is Pyne there too?"

"He is laundry maid, drying clothes."

"I think I shall like him," mused Brand. "He seems to be a helpful sort of youngster. That reminds me. Tell him to report himself to Mr. Emmett as my assistant—if he cares for the post, that is."

He did not see the ready spirit of mischief that danced in her eyes. She pictured Mr. Pyne "fixing things" with Mr. Emmett "mighty quick."

When she reached the first bedroom foot Mrs. Vansittart had gone.

"I thought it would be strange if she stood long in this draft," mused Constance. She opened the door. The lady she sought was leaning disconsolate against a wall.

"My father—" she began.

"I fear he was thoughtless," interrupted Mrs. Vansittart. "He must be greatly occupied. Of course I can see him in the morning before the vessel comes. They will send a ship soon to take us off?"

"At the earliest possible moment," was the glad answer. "Indeed, dad has just been signaling to a tug which will return at daybreak."

There was a joyous chorus from the other inmates. Constance had not the requisite familiarity to tell them how they misinterpreted her words.

"Who is the skipper of the tug?" inquired Pyne quietly.

Both girls laughed.

"You mean Jack," cried Enid. "He is not the captain. He is an officer of the royal navy, our greatest friend."

"Jack is his from name, I suppose," went on Pyne, breathing on the copper disk in his hands to test its clearness.

"We will introduce you, even at this distance," said Constance airily. "Mr. Pyne, this is Lieutenant John Forel Stanhope, only son of the late Sir Charles and Lady Margaret Stanhope of Treapartien Lodge, Penzance, one of the best and dearest fellows who ever lived."

"It must be nice to be a friend of yours, Miss Brand, if you always talk about the favored person in that way," said Pyne, rubbing industriously.

Enid, to whom the mere sight of the steamer had restored all her vitality, giggled joyously.

"You know, Mr. Pyne, we all love Jack, as the song says. It was a mere accident that he did not accompany us to the rock yesterday. Connie would not let him come."

"Ah," said Pyne.

"I forbade him," explained Constance, "because he has only three days' leave from his ship, and I

had to return him to the service room.

Both girls laughed.

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CAN SLEEP ALL NIGHT NOW.

WHAT A BLESSING TO BE ABLE TO.

"For a long time I was obliged to get up several times during the night. I suffered so severely from Kidney and Bladder Trouble, relief seemed doubtful. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was recommended to me for this terribly distressing disease. I took it but a short time and found almost immediate relief. Instead of getting up a number of times I can now sleep all night."

GEORGE STEVENS, Co. I, National Soldiers Home, Va.

Bright's Disease, Gravel, Liver Complaints, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism and Bladder Troubles, too frequent and painful passing of the water and Dropsey, are all caused by disorders of the kidneys. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has cured thousands of people of these diseases, in each case restoring the patient to perfect health. It is prescribed and recommended by the best physicians in the United States. It acts directly on the kidneys and the blood. It drains the blood of all poisonous substances, such as uric acid, etc., which cause disease. Favorite Remedy is the only kidney medicine that acts as a laxative—all others constipate.

Druggists sell it in **50 Cent Bottles** and the regular **\$1.00 size bottles**.

Sample bottles—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Boston, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Cherry Balsam best for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, etc., etc., etc.

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ered her bound into his hands. Yet she strove desperately to keep up the pretense that their spoken words had no exterior significance.

"Such energy must be very wearing," she said.

"It is—for the other man."

"But in your case it is unnecessary. My father believes we will be here at least forty-eight hours." Then she became conscious that again she had not said exactly what she meant to say.

"So you, at any rate, need not wear your fingers to the bone," she added hurriedly.

"Guess it must be a national vice," he said, with irritating complacency. "Just now I feel I have a regular hustle on."

"Your example equals your precepts. End, tear yourself from the attractive spectacle. There are eighty-one ravaged people to be fed."

"Sorry you haven't hit upon the real reason of my abounding industry," said Pyne, who skipped down the ladder first to give the girls a helping hand as they descended.

"Please tell us. It may be inspiring," said Constance.

"I'm going to ask the boss if I can't take a turn as scullery maid when I'm through here."

"Then I veto the idea now," she answered. "End and I have had a most comfortable nap, and I am certain you have not closed your eyes all night. I will make it my personal business to see that both my father and you lie down for a couple of hours immediately after breakfast."

"Or else there will be a mutiny in the kitchen," chimed in End.

"Connie, she whispered when they were safely out of hearing from the service room, "I never saw a worse ease. Talk about the young men suddenly snatched you read of in novels!"

Her sister whirled round.

"How can you be so silly?" she blazed forth.

"Why did you like Jack so readily?" tittered End.

The other, utterly routed, went on in dignified silence. She did not speak again until they surveyed the store apportioned for the coming feast.

"Eighty-one!" she murmured. "What a monstrous deal of people for a half-penny worth of bread!"

"What is the use of repining?" sang End, with a frosty accent on the penultimate syllable. "For where there's a will there's a way. Tomorrow the sun will be shining, although it is cloudy today."

But Constance was not to be drawn a second time. Her clear brain was troubled by a formless shadow. It banished from her mind all thought of a harmless flirtation with the good-looking youngster who had brought a blush of momentary embarrassment to her fair face.

How dreadful it would be to meet hunger with refusals! Perhaps there were worse things in the world than the midnight ordeal of an angry sea.

Indeed, when Pyne did join them in accord with his intention, he soon perceived the extent of the new danger. The stress of the night had only enhanced the need of an ample supply of food. Everybody, even the inmates of the hospital, was outrageously hungry, and the common allotment was half a cup of tea and half a ship's biscuit.

For the midday meal there would be two ounces of meat or bacon, one potato and another half biscuit with about a wineglassful of water. For supper the allowance was half a cup of cocoa and two ounces of bread, which must be baked during the day. Not quite starvation, this menu, but far from satisfying to strong men and wornout women.

The Falcon, knowing the uselessness of attempting to creep nearer to the Gulf Rock, had gone off with her budget to startle two continents. Stanhope's last message was one of assurance. He would do all that lay in man's power. The lighthouse soon quieted down to a state of passive reaction. Pyne, refusing to be served earlier, carried his own and Brand's scanty meal on a tray to the service room.

The unwaried lighthouse keeper was on the balcony, answering a kindly signal from the Land's End, where the coast guards were not yet in possession of the news from Penzance.

He placed the tray on the writing desk and contemplated its contents ruminatively.

"I guess that banquet won't spoil for keeping," he said to himself. "I'll just lie round and look at it until the boss quits making speeches by the yard."

A couple of minutes passed. Brand was hoisting the last line of flags, when the American heard faltering footsteps on the sloping deck of the Chinook.

Their astonishment was mutual. The child, aged about eight, recognized in him a playmate of the fine days on board ship. She turned, with confident cry:

"I told you so, Mamie. It was up. You said down. Here's the big glass house—and Mr. Pyne."

She quickened her speed, though her left arm was in a sling. Pyne, dreading lest she should fall, hastened to help her.

"It's all right, Mr. Pyne," she announced, with an air of great dignity. "I make one step at a time. Then I catch the rail. See?"

"You've got it down to a fine point, Elsie," he said. "But what in the world are those women folk thinking of to let you and Mamie run loose about the place?"

Elsie did not answer until Mamie stood by her side. Judged by appearance, Mamie was a year younger. Apart from the nasty bruise on Elsie's left arm and shoulder, the children had escaped from the horrors of the wreck almost unscathed in body and certainly untroubled in mind.

"Mamie came to my room for breakfast," explained Elsie at last. "We're fast,"

"exclaimed Elsie at last. "We're fast, awful hungry, an' when we axed for 'other bixit Mrs. Taylor she began to cry. An' when I said we'd go an' find mamma she cried more."

The Cure.

Patient—Doctor, I frequently experience a blinding sound in my ears. What would you advise me to do? Doctor—What is your occupation? Patient—I'm in actor. Doctor—Then I'd advise you to get some other kind of a job.

Conscience warns us as a friend before punishing us as a judge.—Stanislas.

"Yes. We're awfully hungry," agreed Mamie. "An', please, where's Mamie?"

Pyne needed no further explanation. The little ones had lost their mother. Her disfigured body, broken out of all recognition, was tossing about somewhere in the undercurrents of the chasm. None of the women dared to tell the children the truth, and it was a heartrending task to deny them food.

So they were permitted to leave their refuge, with the kindly belief that they would come to no harm and perchance obtain a further supply from one of those sweet-faced girls who explained so gently that the rations must run short for the common good.

Pyne glanced up at the lantern. Outside he could see Brand hauling down the signal. He sprang to the tray and secured his half biscuit and tea-cup.

"Come along, Elsie," he said, crooking his left arm for her. "Follow close, Mamie. Mind you don't fall."

"Your mamie is asleep," he assured them in a whisper on the next landing. "She just can't be woken up for quite a long time."

Then he navigated them to the door of the second bedroom, where Mrs. Taylor was. He broke the hard biscuit in two pieces and gave one to each child.

"Here, Mamie, you carry the cup and go shares in the tea."

"I don't like tea," protested Mamie. "If I can't have coffee I want some milk."

"Well, now, you wait a little bit, and you'll be tickled to death to see what I'll bring you. But drink the tea. It's good and hot. Skip inside, both of you."

He held the door partly open, and they vanished. He heard Mrs. Taylor say:

" Didn't I tell you those two little dears would do their own business best?"

He regained the service room to find Brand steeping the remains of his biscuit in an almost empty cup. The lighthouse keeper greeted his young friend with a smile.

"I suppose that you, like the rest of us, never had such an appetite in all your days," he said.

"Oh, I'm pretty well fixed," said Pyne, with a responsive grin.

"Then you are fortunate. There is usually a wretched little fiend lurking in a man's inner consciousness which prompts him to desire the unnatural. Now, I am a poor eater, as a rule, yet this morning I feel I could tackle the toughest steak ever cut off a sun-pannimated cow."

"I don't deny," admitted Pyne, "that the idea of a steak sounds good. That is, you know, we went on languidly. 'It might sort of appeal to me about 1 o'clock.'

"I should have thought you could do with one now, especially after the hard night we have gone through. Perhaps you are a believer in the French system and prefer a light breakfast."

Brand finished the last morsel of biscuit and drank the cup dry.

"It's a first rate proposition—when you are accustomed to it," said Pyne. "But talking about eating when there's little to eat is a poor business anyway. Don't you find that?"

"I do indeed."

Brand rose and tapped the barometer, adjusting the sliding scale to read the tenths.

"Slightly better," he announced. "If only the wind would go down or even change to the nor'ard!"

"What good would a change of wind do?" inquired Pyne, greatly relieved himself by the change of topic.

"It would beat down the sea to some extent, and then they might be able to drift a buoy, with a rope attached, close enough to the rock at low tide to enable us to reach it with a casting of a grapping iron."

"Do you mean that we could be ferried to the steamer by that means?"

"That is absolutely out of the question until the weather moderates to a far greater extent than I dare hope at present. But, once we had the line, we could rig up a running tackle and obtain some stores."

"It is as bad as all that?" said the younger man after a pause.

They looked at each other. The knowledge that all true men have of their kind leaped from eye to eye.

"Quite that bad," answered Brand.

Pyne moistened his lips. He produced a case containing two cigars. He held it out.

"Let us go shares in consolation," he said.

Brand accepted the gift and affected a livelier mood.

"By lucky chance I have an ample supply of tobacco. It will keep the men quiet," he said. "By the way—and he lifted a quick glance at Pyne—"do you know anything about chemistry?"

"Well—er—I went through a course at Yale."

"Can colza oil be converted into a food?"

"It contains certain fats," admitted Pyne, taking dubious stock of the question.

"But the process of conversion, the chemical reaction, that is the difficulty.

"Bisulphide of carbon is a solvent, and the fatty acids of most vegetable



"Come along, Elsie."

was expected to meet you on board F."

Brand threw out his hands with a little gesture of helplessness. Just then Constance appeared.

"Dad," she cried, "will not Mr. Pyne tell you of my threat?"

"No, dear one. I am not living in terror of you, to my knowledge."

"You must please go to sleep, both of you, at least until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Mr. Emmett is sending a man to keep watch here. He will not disturb you.

He is bringing some rugs and pillows,

which you can arrange on the floor. I have collected them for your special benefit."

"At this hour? Impossible, Connie."

"But it is not impossible, and this is the best hour available. You know quite well that the Falcon will return at high water, and you must rest, you know."

She hurried about with the busy air of a housewife who understood the whole art of looking after her family.

But something puzzled her.

"Mr. Pyne," she inquired, "where is your cup?"

"I—er—took it down," he explained.

For some reason Constance felt instantly that she had turned the tables on him since their last encounter. She did not know why. He looked confused for one thing; he was not so ill; in speech for another.

"Down where?" she demanded. "Not to the kitchen. I have been there since you brought up your breakfast and dad's on the same tray."

"I breakfasted alone," remarked Brand calmly. "Mr. Pyne had feasted earlier."

"But he had not," persisted Constance. "I wanted him to."

She stopped. This impudent American had actually dared to wink at her, a confidential, appealing wink which said plainly, "Please don't trouble about me."

"You gave you tea and biscuit to somebody," she cried suddenly. "Now, who was it? Confess!"

"Well," he said weakly, "I did not feel—or particularly hungry, so when I met those two little girls fooling around for an extra supply I—er—thought nobody would mind if—er—

"Father," said Constance, "he has not had a mouthful!"

"Then take him downstairs and give him one. You must have found my conversation interesting, Mr. Pyne, while I was eating, but before you go let me add a word in season. Stand or fall, each must abide by the common rule."

Pyne, with the guilty feeling of a detected villain, explained to Constance how the cup might be rescued.

"I shall keep a close eye on you in future," she announced as they went below.

"Do," he said. "That is all I ask for."

"I am a very strict person," she went on. "Dad always encouraged us in the sailor's idea of implicit obedience."

"Klek me. It will make me feel good," he answered.

Entering the second bedroom, where Elsie and Mamie were seated contentedly on the floor, she stooped and kissed them. And not a word did she say to End as to the reason why Mr. Pyne should be served with a second breakfast.

She knew that any parade of his unselfishness would hurt him, and he on his part, gave her unspoken thanks for her thought.

Conversation without words is an art understood, only by master minds and lovers, so these two were either exceptionally clever persons or developing traits of a more common genus, perhaps both.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Too Lively.

He was a solemn Scotchman, with an equally solemn and somewhat down-trodden wife. The fact that they were receiving an excellent price for their "second pair front" from an American lodger did not blind them to her failings.

"Dear me, Mr. Macle

RID OF TROLLEYS

No Longer Part of Assets of the
New Haven Road

DEAL CAUSES SURPRISE

carried Out While Massachusetts
Was Preparing a Test Case to
Prevent Control of Trolley Car
Systems by Railroads

Boston, Aug. 17.—Details of the transfer by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company of street car systems valued at many millions of dollars leaked out in this city, and it was learned that the railroad company has taken steps to divest itself of practically all of its street car property in southern New England. The transfer, which follows closely on the announced intention of the Massachusetts authorities to retain in this state control of Massachusetts street railway corporations, has been made to an association known as the New England Security Investment company.

According to information obtained here, the deal was said to involve the street car lines owned by the New Haven road in both Massachusetts and Connecticut, with connecting lines to Rhode Island and New York. A report from New Haven, however, indicated the probability that the Connecticut lines might not figure in the transfer, due to the fact that under the charter of the Consolidated Railroad company, the holding company of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company, such a transfer would be unnecessary.

For over three years the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company has been acquiring street railways in the state of Massachusetts, and recently the holdings of the company reached such proportions that the matter was made the subject of a special message by Governor Guild to the legislature, on the eve of its adjournment last June.

Attorney General Malone also interested himself in the matter and, acting in accord with the views of the governor, he drafted and submitted to the legislature a bill intended to prevent a continuance in this state of the control of the trolley car companies by steam railroad systems.

A brief consideration of the matter by the legislative committee on street railways brought about the suggestion that a test case be made and the attorney general set about preparing a case which would eventually receive a ruling from the Massachusetts supreme court. While this case was being prepared the attorney general, desiring certain information in connection with the car lines owned by the railroad, asked President Mellon, through Chairman Jackson of the state railroad commission, to furnish it to him.

The information asked for by Malone was transmitted to him yesterday and almost simultaneously the fact that the railroad company had transferred its holdings became known.

The action of the railroad company at this time created a mild sensation, but it was impossible to get an expression of opinion as to what effect it would have on the proposed court proceedings.

Grand Duke Won't Take Chances
St. Petersburg, Aug. 13.—Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch has declined to accept the post of commander-in-chief of all the troops of the empire "where mortal law exists," which was tendered to him Aug. 4. Whether this was decided before or after the attempt on the life of the grand duke at Krasnoy-Selo on Aug. 10 is not known, but the ostensible reason is that he believes such a post should be given to a purely military man.

Holy Ghost Ship Leaves Boston
Boston, Aug. 13.—The barkentine Rebecca Crowell, the vessel of the Holy Ghost and US society of Shiloh, Me., which has been at anchor in the outer harbor for the past two days, sailed yesterday for parts unknown. The utmost secrecy as to her destination has been maintained. As she did not have foreign clearing papers, it is presumed that her sailing will be coastwise.

Herman Charged With Murder
Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 16.—Alexander Herman was bound over to the criminal superior court on the charge of murder in the first degree. He was accused of shooting and killing Martin Korachinski as the latter entered his own home. Herman having laid in wait for the victim.

Bryan Returns at Month's End
Paris, Aug. 18.—William J. Bryan has fixed the date for his arrival in New York as Aug. 30. He will visit New Haven and Bridgeport Aug. 31, Jersey City Sept. 1, Chicago Sept. 4, Lincoln Sept. 5, St. Louis Sept. 11, Louisville Sept. 12 and Cincinnati Sept. 13.

Great Labor Demonstration
Brussels, Aug. 16.—There was an immense demonstration of workmen here in favor of the reduction of working hours. Nearly 80,000 men participated in the procession, which, with 100 bands, marched through the principal streets. There was no disorder.

Charged With Murder
Providence, Aug. 15.—Charles E. Smith was arraigned in court here, charged with the murder of Edward King by pushing him into the street. Smith was held in \$3000 bonds for the grand jury.

Strikers Lose Their Jobs
Boston, Aug. 17.—The places of more than 100 union longshoremen who struck at the Metropolitan wharf as the result of the discharge of four of their number have been filled by new men, and work has proceeded with little interruption. Stereoreo Delap states that so far as he is concerned the fac-
tient is closed.

FORTY POISONED

Pleasure Seekers Ate Ice Cream
From Unclean Cans

SIX MAY NOT RECOVER

Victims Purchased Stuff From
Itinerant Venders at Salisbury
Beach-Hurry Calls For Doc-
tors, Who Were Kept Busy

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End of Adams Strike
Adams, Mass., Aug. 14.—The strike in the four mills of the Berkshire Cotton Manufacturing company has ended and 3000 employees will return to work Thursday morning. Treasurer Plunkett of the company granted the strikers several concessions, but remained firm in his decision to refuse to re-employ Samuel Whittemore, president of the Weavers' union, whose discharge precipitated the strike three weeks ago.

Martial Law in the Caucasus
St. Petersburg, Aug. 16.—Owing to a serious revolutionary outbreak the whole of the Caucasus, with the exception of a few districts, is under martial law. In the districts of Shusha and Sangasur armed bands openly attacked detachments of troops.

New Bedford Strikers Lose
New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 16.—The introduction of a number of outside help in the carding room of the Rotch mill broke the strike of the 225 employees of that room, and many of the old hands reported for work. Some of them found their places already filled. The men struck because of the employment of a new foreman in their room.

King Edward in Germany
Cronberg, Aug. 16.—King Edward and Emperor William returned to the castle from an excursion to Homburg and Sausburg late yesterday afternoon. After luncheon the emperor and king conversed an hour. Baron Von Tschersky and Sir Frank Lascelle were present. The subject of the conversation is not known.

Boy Fell a Hundred Feet
Monson, Mass., Aug. 16.—James W. Tufts, aged 11, son of Professor Tufts of Chicago university, is in a critical condition with a fracture of the skull and internal injuries. He fell over a cliff on Mount Monadnock to the rocks below, a distance of about 100 feet. His chances of recovery are doubtful.

Thieves Wrecked Postoffice Safe
Boston, Aug. 13.—The safe of the Ponkapoag postoffice in Canton was blown open and about \$150 and some notes and bonds stolen. The safe was completely wrecked, but the police have been unable to find anyone who heard the explosion. The postoffice is located in a grocery.

Committed Arson While Insane
Rochester, Aug. 17.—The report of the lunacy commission in the case of Rev. Charles S. Bain, charged with arson, finds the accused minister insane, both at the time of the alleged crime and now. Bain was later ordered committed to the Matteawan state asylum for the criminal insane.

Fishermen Have Fared Badly
St. Johns, Aug. 17.—The Labrador mail boat reports that the fishery off Labrador is the worst this season in 20 years. Owing to the failure of the Labrador catch and the short catch along the Newfoundland coast, the price of fish is advancing rapidly.

Jockey's Injuries Result Fatal
Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Charles Schoen, a steeplechase trainer attached to the stable of M. Daly at the Saratoga race track, died from injuries received while training a jumper. He struck on the back of his head and consciousness of the brain opened.

BOMB AND BULLET

Used With Deadly Effect in Many
Cities of Poland

MASSACRE CARRIED OUT

Revolutionists' Plot Directed
Against Police and Troops
Effectively Carried Out, Es-
pecially in Warsaw

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Yesterday was known as "Haverhill day" at the beach, and about 4000 persons came here from that city, Newburyport and nearby places. All those who became ill ate ice cream purchased from four vendors of Newburyport who sell ice cream, fruit and confectionery.

Just before 6 o'clock last evening a young girl fell in front of a local hotel, and when bystanders went to her assistance they were startled to find that her face had turned a dark color and that her features were drawn and contorted.

It was at first thought that the girl had poisoned herself intentionally, but while several doctors were examining her another young woman nearby collapsed.

For two or three hours reports of persons being overcome by violent illness came to the local police. Emergency calls were sent to Newburyport and nearby places and promptly responded to, and eight doctors and a trained nurse, who were at the beach, hastened to the assistance of the numerous victims. Medical Examiner Hurd of Newburyport also came to the beach and assisted the other physicians.

The six persons most seriously ill were taken to the Hotel Cushing. All were unconscious, and were in a serious condition. Practically all of those affected were under 20 years of age.

The physicians decided that the trouble was due to ptomaine poisoning from unclean cans which contained ice cream. Samples of the cream were taken by the police and the Newburyport board of health ordered all the itinerant vendors to stop the sale of ice cream until further notice. Nearly all the victims belong in Haverhill and, excluding the half-dozen named, none is in a serious condition.

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New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 16.—The introduction of a number of outside help in the carding room of the Rotch mill broke the strike of the 225 employees of that room, and many of the old hands reported for work. Some of them found their places already filled. The men struck because of the employment of a new foreman in their room.

King Edward in Germany
Cronberg, Aug. 16.—King Edward and Emperor William returned to the castle from an excursion to Homburg and Sausburg late yesterday afternoon. After luncheon the emperor and king conversed an hour. Baron Von Tschersky and Sir Frank Lascelle were present. The subject of the conversation is not known.

Boy Fell a Hundred Feet
Monson, Mass., Aug. 16.—James W. Tufts, aged 11, son of Professor Tufts of Chicago university, is in a critical condition with a fracture of the skull and internal injuries. He fell over a cliff on Mount Monadnock to the rocks below, a distance of about 100 feet. His chances of recovery are doubtful.

Thieves Wrecked Postoffice Safe
Boston, Aug. 13.—The safe of the Ponkapoag postoffice in Canton was blown open and about \$150 and some notes and bonds stolen. The safe was completely wrecked, but the police have been unable to find anyone who heard the explosion. The postoffice is located in a grocery.

Committed Arson While Insane
Rochester, Aug. 17.—The report of the lunacy commission in the case of Rev. Charles S. Bain, charged with arson, finds the accused minister insane, both at the time of the alleged crime and now. Bain was later ordered committed to the Matteawan state asylum for the criminal insane.

Fishermen Have Fared Badly
St. Johns, Aug. 17.—The Labrador mail boat reports that the fishery off Labrador is the worst this season in 20 years. Owing to the failure of the Labrador catch and the short catch along the Newfoundland coast, the price of fish is advancing rapidly.

Jockey's Injuries Result Fatal
Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Charles Schoen, a steeplechase trainer attached to the stable of M. Daly at the Saratoga race track, died from injuries received while training a jumper. He struck on the back of his head and consciousness of the brain opened.

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BANK DOORS CLOSED

348 Institution May Never Again
Open Its Doors

Boston, Aug. 17.—The First National bank of Chelsea did not open for business this morning, orders having been issued by the comptroller of the currency to close the institution.

National Bank Examiner Ewer has been making an inspection of the bank recently and last night, at the request of the directors, he visited the institution and counted the cash on hand. The bank examiner stated that he found no discrepancy between the cash book and funds on hand, but that from a superficial examination, he had decided to recommend to the authorities at Washington that the doors of the bank be closed to business. He said that he had had no opportunity to make a thorough inspection of the books, but from what he observed from statements of some of the officials it was doubtful if the bank was ever reopened for business. Beyond this statement the bank examiner had nothing to say for publication.

The First National bank is one of the oldest institutions in Chelsea, having been incorporated as a national bank in 1864. It has a capital of \$300,000 and carries deposits of several million dollars. The president is Sylvester B. Hinckley of Newton, formerly a resident of Chelsea. The cashier is Walter Whittlesey.

The cause of the bank's trouble is not definitely known, but it is intimated that unprofitable investments and unwise speculation are responsible for the difficulty.

Rescued From Death in Mid-Air

Wakefield, Mass., Aug. 17.—Suspended in mid-air, clutching a live wire, and at any moment likely to be buried to the ground 40 feet below, Arthur Johnson, Ilmene, would have in all probability been electrocuted but for the prompt and courageous work of Paul Lane, a fellow-workman. Johnson was suffering intense agony when Lane climbed a pole and wrenches the man's hands free. The injured man was left at the top of the pole while Lane went for a doctor. He attempted to climb down and fell nearly half the length of the pole. Johnson's hands were badly burned and his body bruised, but he will recover.

Playout of Hand Tube

Providence, Aug. 17.—With a "squirt" of 234 feet 9.84 inches, the Fire King company of Pawtucket, R. I., carried off the first prize of \$200 and a silver torch among the old fighting tubs at the 16th annual muster of the New England States Veteran Firemen's league in this city. The Brockton tub, Hancock No. 1, carried home the second prize of \$150 after play of 234 feet 0.84 inches, the Geyser of East Providence took third of \$100 with 204 feet 3.4 inch, while the Enterprise No. 2 of Arlington took the fourth prize, \$50, playing 108 feet 8.4 inch.

Brook Skeleton Mystery Solved

Northampton, Mass., Aug. 16.—The skeleton of a man found last Sunday night in Hadley brook was identified last night as that of Orison Lane of Belchertown, aged 32, who disappeared Feb. 26, 1900. He was suffering from nervous prostration when he disappeared and it is supposed that he drowned

An American Widow

By LOURIE RICHARDS

Copyright, 1898, by P. C. Eastman

It was at Lausanne, Lake Geneva, and at one of the small and quiet hotels, that Judge Fordham, U. S. A., was told by the landlord:

"You will be glad to learn that I have a compatriot of yours here. She has been here a week. She is a widow. I believe she comes from Chicago. Can't you tell me where she is?"

"Sure it isn't Philadelphia, Mountain?" asked the judge.

"I will at once find out all particulars, your excellency."

"Never mind just now. I'd like a few hours' rest before meeting the widow, American or otherwise. If you will be so kind, you needn't mention to her that I am here. I came away from my home in Boston, California, to escape a widow, and, you see, I don't want to bump up against another too soon. We Americans always want to walk around awhile before getting acquainted."

"It is so, your excellency, and your wishes shall be respected," said the obsequious host.

"How does the widow happen to be here alone?" inquired the judge with much show of interest.

"Her brother is at Lyons, France. He is a buyer of silks for Americans. He will soon be here."

"Is she good looking and rich?" asked the judge.

"Had I known, your excellency, that Chicago, Canada, had such handsome women I should have gone there for my second wife. As for riches, she has my best rooms and orders what she wants. My bill against her will be very much."

"Think she's on the marry?"

"When I saw you, sir, and knew that you were an American I said to myself:

"He comes from the same country. He looks like a widower. He appears to be rich. Why should not the widow marry the widow and thus make each other happy?"

"Thanks for your interest in the case, old man, but go slow. An American widower and an American widow will always find each other in good time if you leave them alone. Just leave it to us."

They met at the table, but were not introduced. A sharp eyed person would have noticed that they were sizing each other up. Two days later, as the widow sat on the veranda with a book in her hand, the landlord and the judge approached, and the former indulged in a dozen bows and scrapes as he said:

"I have the utmost felicitation in presenting Judge Fordham to Mrs. Chatham."

The judge found the widow to be a woman not much over thirty. She was bright and keen and self possessed. She found the judge to be a man of about forty-eight, hale and hearty and inclined to be frank spoken. Of course they became interested at once, and after a few minutes the landlord re-entered the office to say to his wife:

"Today, Marie, I have done a noble thing. The widower will marry the widow, and when they return to America they will probably live in New York, Arizona, and be happy all their days. Did I not tell you when we were married that as a landlord I should be a magnificent success?"

Neither the Widow Chatham nor Judge Fordham had a story to tell. It came out casually in conversation that she was the widow of a Chicago wholesale grocer and had taken the trip abroad at the instance of her brother Tom, who was a silk buyer for a New York house and who would soon be with them. It came out the same way that the judge had retired from the bench in New York and was now taking it easy abroad while his bonds went right on piling up interest. They found themselves agreeing on almost all subjects, especially on the greatness of Chicago and the purity of American politics, and now and then the landlord looked out to smile and turn to his wife with:

"Muriel, compliment me on my magnificence. The widower and the widow are becoming more and more interested in each other."

The judge rather took charge of Mrs. Chatham after the first day. They rode out together, they boated together, they climbed the hills together. The subject of love wasn't even hinted at, but there were other persons than the landlord who smiled in a knowing way.

There was just a bit of mystery about the brother. He was to arrive at such a time and such a time, but he didn't arrive. It was all the fault of the silk men, he wrote. They were taking things easy and refused to be hustled. He would be along in good time, however, and in one of his letters he wrote that it would be a pleasure for him to meet the judge. The judge smiled grimly when this extract was read to him. He seemed to doubt it.

After their acquaintance had lasted two weeks and one day just after a telegram had been received by the widow the judge strolled into the railroad depot and found her about to take a train—that is, he thought she was. She had no baggage and appeared to avoid observation.

When she saw that she was discovered she made some excuse and left the depot in his company. She was a bit glum for awhile, but soon rallied and was very gay that evening. Two days later a telegram announced that Brother Tommy was ill at home. The widow said that she would run over there for a day or two, and the judge said he would accompany her. He had a curiosity about the silk mills, and this would be a good time to gratify it. The widow suddenly decided that Tommy might get over his illness without any of her help. She had her fair share of sisterly affection, but Tommy was one of these fellows that always played baby even with a cold in the head.

Two mornings later the judge took an early morning walk. It was an hour before breakfast. He walked down to the depot to see the 6:30 train

out. He was on time, and he saw the widow (I) there. She dodged him, and returned to the hotel instead of taking the train. When they met at breakfast neither one said anything about their walk, but the landlord rubbed his hands and smiled and said to his wife:

"Marie, my magnificence grows. The widower and the widow were out for a sunrise walk this morning. That means love and matrimony. I was the one to introduce them and bring two happy hearts together. Of course it will go both bills as an extra."

There is a pretty fair mountain at Lausanne. It is high enough to have precipices and rugged enough to put a man out of wind to climb it. When you have followed "Lovers' walk" far enough you strike into "Heart's highway," and a quarter of a mile farther you debouch upon a platform called "Malken's rest." The judge and the widow had been up there twice. On the afternoon of the early morning walk they took the path again. When they had reached the plateau and found seats and had a few words to say about the view the widow looked the judge fair in the eyes and said:

"Mr. Fordham, in about three minutes, unless you promise to leave Lausanne by the evening train, I shall begin to scream."

"Yes," he calmly replied.

"I shall run down the path shouting for help."

"Yes."

"I shall meet people and declare that you threatened me. I think you will understand what that will mean to you."

"Certainly, but there are loopholes in your plan. For instance, I have no less than three witnesses concealed behind the rocks up here. Then I give a telegram to the effect that your Brother Tommy is in custody at Lyons. I also have a second stating that his tradition papers, for which I have been waiting these many days, are ready for me."

"Where do I come in?" she asked after awhile.

"You don't come in. Tommy did the embezzling, and you simply ran away with him. So far as my instructions go you are to be left behind here in Europe to enjoy yourself as best you may. No doubt you have some of the stolen money to pay your bills with, but I was not destined to arrest you. I was simply keeping tab on you until the papers were ready for Tommy. Is there anything more to say?"

"Sir, I do not know you!" answered the widow as she arose and started down the path by her lonesome.

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"And so you go away to Lyons?" repeated the landlord after the judge had announced his intentions.

"Yes; have to go."

"And the widow from Chicago, Canada?"

"I must leave her in your keeping. We have had a misunderstanding. You know how cantankerous American widows are."

Lord Averbury, otherwise Sir John Lubbock, was the first person in England to have his photograph taken.

The first ship was brought from Egypt to Greece by Danicus in 1485 B. C. The first double decked ship was built by Tyrian, 788 B. C.

The first woolen cloth made in England was manufactured about 1320, though it was not dyed and dressed by the English until 1400.

The first record of coal is about 300 years before the Christian era. Coal was used as fuel in Europe as early as 852.

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Historic and Curious.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as concisely as possible. 4. In answering an query, always give the date of the paper, the name of the query and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Send all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1908.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

The above said Francis (5) Borden, Jr., had a grand uncle, Benjamin Borden, who married Abigail (Grover, daughter of James Grover Seur, of Middletown, N. J.) and of their ten children was Joseph Borden, founder of Borden town, he settling in Burlington Co. N. J. in 1719, first buying March 3, 1724 105 acres of Samuel Farnsworth, who named his possessions Farnsworth's Landing, near what is now Point Breeze, which is near Crosswick Creek, located by Thomas Farnsworth in 1681, whose will was proved in 1688, and will of his wife Susannah proved Jan. 23, 1718, both of Chesterfield Township, at the time of making their wills, but Susannah leaves a legacy to Crosswick Mouthly Meeting of Friends.

Mr. William Nelson on p. 329; Vol. II, second series of N. J. Archives, says, the property passed to Joseph Douglass, and in 1722 to Abraham Hunt from whom to Stephen Sayre, high sheriff of London, Eng. And in 1818 Joseph Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, having been disposed as King of Spain, acquired title to Point Breeze, which he held until 1844, living there. His grandson Count De Musignano next occupied it, and in 1850, the British consul, in Philadelphia, Henry Becker, purchased it. Now the priests of the congregation of the mission of St. Vincent de Paul possess it.

Joseph Borden in imitation of Farnsworth called his purchase Burden's Landing, his name then being Burden, but as Borden added acres to his first purchase from Farnsworth, it became known as Borden's Town, then as one word, Borden town, as his name had thus been changed. He an important man at that date, as he started a stage line for passengers and goods landed, from vessels, to Borden town, being part of the route from New York to Philadelphia.

His son Joseph Borden married Elizabeth (Watson, daughter of Marquand), and it was their daughter, Nancy Borden, who married Francis Hopkins, born in Philadelphia in 1787, a lawyer, wit and poet, lived in Borden town when the Revolutionary War broke out, was member of Congress in 1776, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Sept. 1, 1776, and he died May, 1791. Francis was son of Thomas Hopkins, an Englishman of brilliant accomplishments, who in 1786 married Mary Johnson, niece of Bishop of Worcester, England; Francis, their son, was baptized in Christ Church, Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1787, aged 7 weeks. Francis Hopkins knew the Dutch language so well he made a translation of the Psalms in the same. (Hist. of Burlington and Mercer Counties p. 469).

In Swank's "History of Iron in All Ages" find: In 1722 Isaac Horner, Daniel Farnsworth and Joseph Borden commanded the erection of a "blowery" or forge west side of Black's Creek in Burlington Co., which creek runs between Mansfield and Chesterfield townships emptying into the Delaware at Borden town. February 1, 1725, the three proprietors conveyed the partly erected forge to Joseph Borden's son-in-law Thomas Potts, who came in ship "Shields", which brought so many to West Jersey, and the same day Potts conveyed one half to Col. Daniel Cox, and one forth to John Allen of the property connected with the forge. Next children of John Woolley and first wife Mercy (Potter) were: 2. Ruth (3) Woolley, b. 22, 6mo (year torn off); as she was not mentioned in will of her father she was evidently dead; but she signed the marriage certificate of her sister Leah and John Mattcock Dunn in 1723, which allows an approximate placement of age of Ruth, this being the first marriage certificate she signed as a witness, while her sister, Leah Woolley, was old enough in 1717 to sign marriage certificate of their brother John Woolley and Patience Lippitt; Ruth named for her aunt Ruth Woolley, b. Oct. 12, 1664 and d. 1688 John Tucker, 3. William (8) Woolley, b. 11; 6mo; 1688; named for his uncle William Woolley, b. Sept. 15, 1662, who married Anne (West, daughter of Bartholomew West), as given by a correspondent.

This William (8) Woolley died in 1769; m. Ruth Lippincott, b. 1691; according to Friends records of Shrewsbury, daughter of Remembrance and Margaret (Barber, whose parents I have not found, but the Barber Genealogy gives as follows: In public records of Bucks Co. Pa. mention is made of John Barber and Elizabeth his wife eldest dau. of John Songhurst of Shipley, Sussex Co. Eng., arriving with William Penn in 1682, who made his will on board ship Welcome in which he mentions a brother Edward Barber and sisters Mary, Hannah and Sarah and wife Elizabeth.

William Penn promised John Barber 250 acres and later 2500 acres, and John Songhurst to have 1250 acres. John Barber is believed to have died on the voyage, or soon after, his wife Elizabeth had a child born after arriving, its name not given.) Aquilla Barber mentioned in 1702 of Salem, Co. N. J. and again in 1708 of Pine Grove, Salem Co. N. J. when he bought 125 acres next Thomas Graves.

Francis Barber mentioned in 1684; Robert Barber, a Quaker, who came from Yorkshire, England to Chester, Pa., in 1684, was of the same Chester Meeting of Friends as the Wades, as 18; 8; 1690, at Monthly Meeting at Walter Fauchs, Robert Barber and Hannah Ogden, layed their intentions of marriage before this meeting and Caleb Pusey and Randall Vernon had orders to inquire concerning his clear-

ance, and Lydia Wade and Mary Mather to inquire concerning her clearance and make report next monthly meeting. On 8; 8; 1688 same party layed their intentions of marriage a second time before the meeting and things being found clear concerning them they were left to their liberty to accomplish their marriage according to the Order of Truth.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS.

6110. SMITH—Can you tell me the parentage of Jonathan Smith, whose daughter, Habba, married Deliverance Smith, son of George (Deliverance, John) and Elizabeth (Alice) Smith of Dartmouth, Mass.—E. A. W.

6111. SABIN—Who were the parents of Anna H. Sabin, who married Asa Jillson, who was born 1788, died 1848, married 1807.—A. E.

6112. ELDREDGE—Alice Eldridge, daughter of Joseph, married Thomas Cranston. He was baptized Feb. 1774, died 1827. Would like date of her birth and death.—F. G.

6113. CARR—Would like parentage and dates of birth, marriage and death of Abby Carr, who married above mentioned Joseph Eldridge.—F. G.

6114. SWEET—Would like parentage of Ann Sweet, who married Thomas Cranston. He was bap. June 15, 1746, died July 4, 1771. What were the dates of birth and death.—F. G.

6115. LITTLE—Who were the parents of Edward Little, of Middletown, R. I., and Job, his brother, who were born in 1724 and 1726?—N. L.

6116. BARKER—Who were the ancestors of Cyrus Barker, born Middletown, 1782?—N. L.

6117. LANGWORTHY—Would like ancestry of James Langworthy, of Jamestown, R. I., married April 10, 1746, to Mary Remington. Who were their parents, and what was the year of their marriage?—N. S. C.

6118. NEY—Would like ancestry and dates of birth and death of Mercy Ney, who married at Jamestown, R. I., Watson Grinnell, July 19, 1804.—N. S. C.

6119. WEAGE—Would like parentage of Sarah Weage and John Morey, who were married at Jamestown, R. I., Nov. 30, 1711.—N. S. C.

6120. WESTGATE—Who was Robert Westgate, who married Patience Carr, both of Jamestown, July 9, 1728?—N. S. C.

6121. SHERMAN—Who were the parents of Experience, wife of Nehemiah Sherman, whose daughter Anna married Luke Jillson? Luke Jillson was born 1754, died 1823, married 1777, and his wife Anna died 1888. Would like date of her birth, also dates of Experience.—E. G.

6122. DENTON—Daniel Denton and Lydia Sisson, of Newport, R. I., were married at Portsmouth by William Sanford, Justice, Nov. 6, 1744. Would like ancestry of both, also dates of birth and names of children.—J. J.

6123. BUTTS—Who were the ancestors of Anne Butts, of Little Compton, R. I., who married Sion Seabury, of Tiverton, May 17, 1783?—W. M.

6124. RICKETSON—Would like parentage of Benjamin Ricketson, of Dartmouth, Mass., and dates of birth and death. He married, Mar. 29, 1745, Susanna Cook of Portsmouth, R. I.—J. C. S.

6125. RODES—Would like ancestry of Michael Rodes, who married Jonathan Fish, May 26, 1725?—S. M.

6126. WHITMARSH—Joseph Whitmarsh of Rehoboth, Mass., had a son Seth, born at Warren, Oct. 18, 1782, married Hannah Allen of Rehoboth, Dec. 18, 1806, died at Seekonk, Mass., 1860. Their children, born at Warren, R. I., were:

Joseph Winslow, Aug. 31, 1804.

Susanna Barton, Mar. 21, 1806, married Jonathan Munro.

Mary Beverly Chew, July 15, 1808,

married John Gregory, Jr., of Boston.

Joseph Allen, Dec. 5, 1810.

Would like to know what became of these children, if any married and had issue, with dates of birth, etc.—S. M. B.

6127. BUTLER—Who were the parents of Mary Butler, b. 1670, married Thomas Dring, b. 1668, m. May 21, 1692?—M. P.

6128. HART—Who was Hannah, wife of Richard Hart, whose daughter Alice, b. 1684, d. 1718, married 1687 George Pearce, of Portsmouth, R. I.—M. P.

6129. HULL—Who can give me information concerning Rev. Joseph Hull, whose daughter Elizabeth married John Heard, who died Jan. 17, 1888—M. P.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth, R. I., his north flat in the new block on Cross street to N. A. Johnson, U. S. N. A. O'D. Taylor has sold as a "Home for the Aged" to the Nina-Lyrette Corporation, the so-called Hall estate on Washington street, consisting of large house of 20 rooms in excellent condition, stable and carriage-house, which can easily be transformed into a dormitory for the aged men. The land attaching to this estate is 30,565 square feet. This purchase is made by a number of Newport ladies and gentlemen, and has solely a benevolent and philanthropic aim.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the rest of the summer and autumn the furnished cottage, recently occupied by Chief Chemist Kuiffers of the Torpedo Station, at 88 Cranston avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Kane of New York City.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold on Conanicut Island for the estate of the late Argyle Watson, a farm of some 80 to 85 acres, on the westerly side of the north road, about 8 miles out from Jamestown, and running down to the shore on the west side of the Island. The buyer is Mr. William S. Todd of Providence.

Orders to inquire concerning his clear-

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The other day at our Trade's Prudential Exhibit—couldn't believe the price marks were true. That's because you are not yet used to the methods of this big store, don't fully realize the advantages it is able to offer you through its buying combination of 8 big stores. We are not boasting when we tell you we're the only store in town that buys its goods in certain lots, we simply tell you to receive you that you can't make your dollars go as far anywhere else.

BIG BEAUTIES SOLID OAK SIDEBOARDS A \$12.00

Another solid oak just unloaded. They're not the little narrow chests with tiny little mirrors, made of poor stock and poorly put together, but big full-sized boards that no one would be ashamed to own, with fine drawers and silver drawers, and large French mirrors. Finely selected stock, perfectly made, and highly polished. 8 sets at an order is the only excuse we have to offer for the little bit of price. It would have to be \$15.00 if we bought the ordinary way. If you've a house to furnish this Fall, the \$2 or \$3 we can save you on each article you put in it will pretty nearly pay the wedding expenses. Worth saving, isn't it?

A. C. TITUS CO.

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To Furnished Cottage Owners

I am making up my list of furnished cottages for the season of 1908 and would like it to include yours, if you have one you wish to rent for the coming season. Drop me a line giving particulars, or if you will notify me will call and see you.

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

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